THE DAILY CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite

by . . . FREDERICK O'BRIEN

THE Prix de Rome award in architecture of the American Academy in Rome this year went to an up-and-up Princeton '27 grad, for a modern bar for a military officers' club. He got eight thousand dollars for his fell design. He was reared in the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, the wettest neighborhood in America except Broadway.

¶ ¶

GOVERNOR ROLPH is chasing out of office all who opposed his election. He's a straight politician. The talkies had him, the other day, in a delightful sketch. He wears, always, boots to his knees, as did his father, and mine. In the film he took off and put on his beautiful boots, and told how easy it was. There's nothing like leather.

¶ ¶

A FAMOUS cartoonist killed himself; another makes a fool of himself in Reno. We portray best what we are. Humorists are, usually, sad people.

¶ ¶

EVERY week there must be on this page something about prohibition, and its corollary, bootlegging, because they are very prominent. A notable New York banker says: "If prohibition were suddenly enforced, there would be a dreadful money panic. Underworld money totals a few billions a year. We need it; we bankers handle it. The business world shades through politicians, lawyers, courts, policemen, bankers, realtors, into the underworld. Black and white, morally, legally, is becoming gray. The rum, pimp, gambling trade, is dependable. We know its rules, ethics, and abide by them." Well, well, Senator, preacher, mayor, D. A. R. ling, roll that in your paper and smoke it! But, don't wonder at juvenile crime, at co-ed lubricity, at murder, suicide, and cynicism! We, Romans of the red continent, are in the Nero age.

¶ ¶

PENNIE WINGO, of Abilene, Texas, is walking around the world, backward. He, only, thinks so; the world is going backward, too.

¶ ¶

("TUNE IN": Frederick O'Brien, Station KPO, every Thursday evening at seven.)

Will am P. Silva Exhibit at Del Monte

By ELEANOR MINTURN JAMES

Light is the only mystery in painting, all the rest is literature—so some painter maintained. There may be something to it. Anyway, light does waylay one brush more than another. Of course, there are many phases of light. Pick your time of day, take your choice. Individual temperament produces blind spots for all those atmsopheric effects that fail "to light up the candelabra" in that chamber of the mind devoted to artistic perceptiveness.

That William P. Silva has made a study of South Carolina magnolias and inland waters with an eye to the atmospheric innuendos involved need not be renoted. In the Magnolia-on-the-Ashley canvasses included in his present show at the Del Monte Art Gallery, he shows again his versatility in comprehending and presenting the cool mist that broods over South Carolina lakes, veiling moss-covered magnolias and smothering the rose azaleas which border the formal gardens.

However, in this exhibition there is also apparent another William Silva, one whom green has challenged. Silva grays and blues—those blues which one critic said "masqueraded as joyous grays with all the rainbow in them"—have been edged off his palette by green's gamut. In his latest Carmel work, "Springtime Carmel Valley," "Springtime in the Hills," "Early Rain Up the Valley," there appears a new and sunnier paint-

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Edward Kuster's Production of "Karl and Anna"

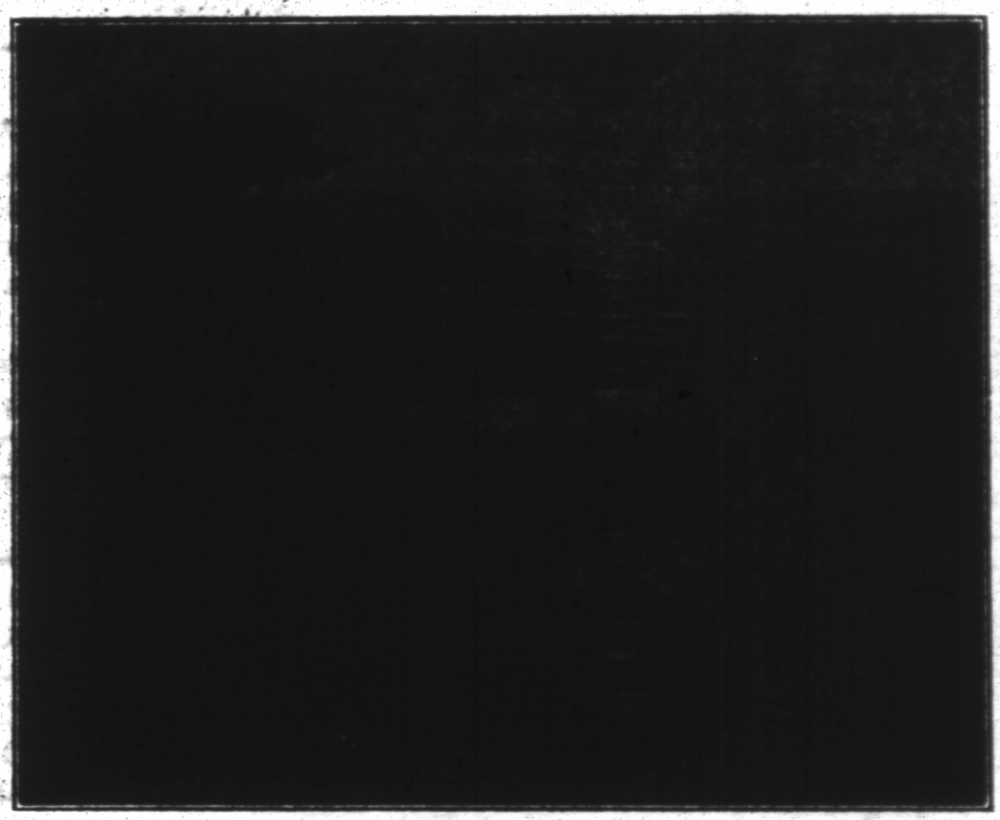
By GALT BELL

It would be our luck on our very first assignment as a "reviewer" to fan ourself into a fine critical frame of mind for the opening night of "Karl and Anna" and then to find so little in the performance at the Golden Bough to criticise and so very much to be thankful for.

The opening scene in the Siberian prison camp set behind a vicious looking barbed-wire fence some ten feet high, with the occasional baying of watch-dogs and prison disturbances in the dis-

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

SUMMER SUNSET, POINT LOBOS



from the painting by WILLIAM P. SILVA

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Personalia EDITED BY S. L. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Aston Knight have returned from Vancouver B. C., with their eldest son, Ridgway, who joined them there. The whole family, which includes their youngest son, George, and daughter, Diane, will be at Pine Inn for another week. They intend to sail for their home in France on the fifteenth of this month.

Lloyd Rollins, director of the Palace of the Legion of Honor and the Young Museum at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, is spending his vacation at Pine Inn. Miss Elin Rollins, his sister is here as the guest of Miss Henrietta Shore.

Visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker at their Pebble Beach home is their niece, Mrs. Alma Walker Hearst, who will be joined this week by her husband, William Randolph Heart, Jr. From Pebble Beach Mr. and Mrs. Hearst will go to their summer home on the McCloud river.

Mrs. C. .W Norvell from Berkeley and her three daughters, Genevieve, Betty, and June are in their house at Hatton Fields for a week or ten days. Mr. Norvell returned from Chicago Saturday.

Mrs. R. A. Whitamore, and two children are here from Tientsin, China, and will occupy "Lilac" cottage on Camino Real. She is a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Williams.

Mr. George Burkhardt, founder of the Macondray Players, brought a party of friends to Carmel, and stayed at the Bain cottage on Casanova for the week-end.

Mrs. Frank Hall of Berkeley, and her son, George, who just completed his first year at Princeton, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilson on North Casanova for a week.

Miss Susanna Thatcher of Hollywood has taken the cottage "Juanita," Tenth and Casanova, and expects to remain until the middle of August.

Mrs. Austin Sperry of Berkeley is staying with her son at one of the Wilson cottages on North Casanova.

Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Simmons and Dr. and Mrs. Lincoln Davis, of Boston, are spending a few weeks at Pine Inn.

SILVA EXHIBIT *from page one*

ing phase, pre-summer greens full of the transient warmth and soft hesitancy of spring. In these canvases there is less urbanity, less suavity, more immediacy of response, a sincere tempered excitement undergone in the painting.

Every artist does not necessarily have to paint nature in a dashing self-exploiting way. No reason why every painter should weild an aggressive, merciless brush flamboyantly, painting her "as is," which means exaggerating wrinkles, unlovely angles, defects. To William Silva nature does not flaunt her boldness, weaknesses, crude edges, those before-the-morning-coffee expressions. He is *en bon rapport* with nature. He sees only her tenderness, intimate aspects, recurring friendliness.

In some of his smallest canvases Mr. Silva does his biggest painting. Especially charming is the tiny "Wistaria Tree," evidently a sketch done on the spot, *en plein air*. It has a spontaneous witchery of its own. His very unstudied study, "The Mill of Marie Antoinette, Versailles," a pleasing uniformily gray moment at the river's edge, is completely unselfconscious. It conveys something not matched by any other canvas in the gallery.

William P. Silva was born in Savannah, Georgia. He was a pupil of Jean Paul Laurens and Henri Royer in Academie Julien, Paris, and of Chauncey Rider at Estaples, France. The public has come to associate him, his painting that is, with South Carolina, much as we never think of George W. Cables' writing except in connection with New Orleans. Recalling a conversation I had with Mr. Cable it occurs to me that our Southern-born Carmel painter is more than a little like this Southern writer.

Since Mr. Silva began showing he has taken, each year, one or more prizes of varying importance, in different parts of the country. His work is included in more than twenty permanent collections. He has been well called one of the most straightforward painters on the Peninsula. He is uninfluenced by any hyper-modernistic sentiment, or its insidious current talk which disastrously unsettles more than one good painter, who, though utterly unequipped by temperament or training to be a revolutionary, comes to feel that only in change, any old change, can lie his present-day artistic salvation. Mr. Silva goes his own way, to paint just as it occurs to him to paint, not to please other painters or critics. His work is invariably popular with laymen. He is a painter they can understand, for in pleasing himself this painter pleases his public.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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J. A. COUGHLIN ..... *Editor and Publisher*
SALLIE LAWRENCE HUNTER..... *Associate Editor*
A. R. GLYDE..... *Business Manager*

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Correspondence

CARMEL MISCELLANY

To the Editor of The Daily Carmelite:

There does not to seem to be very much "horse sense" applied to the term "commercialism" as Carmel people use it. Timidity, stubborness, petty selfishness, bigoted ideas, all seem to come to the fore when any forward step is anticipated, either by word of mouth or when some action materializes. Constant opposition to new ideas is bound to create a bad taste in some editor's mouth and Carmel will receive more publicity, incidentally of the kind it does not want. A few months ago there was quite a bit of haggling and back-biting over the color our new pavements were to be. Would it not be just as well to see the light, as it were, and regard new issues in their proper perspective.

It seems the term "commercialism" could well have two or more definitions, one of which might be used to further the interests of Carmel as a city and as a center of real artistic undertakings for which we are rapidly becoming widely known and justly so.

Mention could well be made at this time concerning Carmel Point. Why not have it in the city limits where it should be? Those who live there enjoy all the advantages of Carmel. It is an issue that will have to be met eventually, along with other issues as imporant; for instance, the numbering of our houses. Last week's issue of the "Pine Cone" carries an editorial well "gotten up" except that the writer contradicts himself in one instance. He says, "This town owes much to Carmel merchants and residents who have presented a solid front against chamber of commerce methods, concrete roadways, street lights, *house numbers and postal deliveries to homes.*" We do not need "progress" and "improvements" inasmuch as they might imply the necessity of concrete roadways, etc. Our rustic beauty does not have to be damaged in the least to have our houses numbered or to have postal deliveries. Later in the article the "Pine Cone" says, "During the past year Carmel's postal business exceeded that of Pacific Grove by a goodly sum." In one breath they make a declaration against postal deliveries and in the next they admit the growing need for a different kind of service from what we now have. Carmel is growing by leaps and bounds, not just the influx of summer visitors but by people who intend staying here. Another year or so will see a still greater number and by that time something will have to be done to relieve the present method of "getting mail" and that can mean but one thing, postal delivery, whether you will or not. People of Carmel have the right to receive the best service possible; in fact, they demand it and in no uncertain terms, yet they stubbornly refuse to do do one thing to aid "Uncle Sam"—simply because one of "Uncle Sam's" boys in grey on our streets taints of "commercialism." Truly, not all yokels are officials.

R. O.

THE DANCE

A series by MARIA PISCITELLI, *of the School of Dancing and the Piano.*

One of the fervent haters of the classical ballet was Isadora Duncan. To her eyes it had no saving grace, no excuse to exist. She hated the five fundamental positions, the steps on the toes. She has been known to cry out that there is nothing so ugly and false as the arab esque on the toe. Incidentally it is one of those poses that helped Pavlowa to fame. It was little wonder that Isadora was dissatisfied. The dance par excellence in her childhood meant the ballet and nothing else, stereotyped forms, mechanical gestures, time-worn groupings and poses. Isadora came along, took off her shoesand stockings, and danced in a tunic of gauze. This was a distinct revolution. The accepted thing had been to wear pink tights and the three skirts of tulle with satin bodice.

As soon as Isadora had been acclaimed as great, hundreds of imitators sprang up all over the world. Maidens flitted behind footlights in gauze and had emotions. But in preaching the New Dance Isadora did not intend that everyone do what she did. For the matter of that they couldn't. She wanted to show the world that the dance had degenerated into a set system, a series of pretty tricks. She wanted dancers to find movements that would best express their own inward moods and feelings. This gave rise to numerous armies of so-called "interpretative" dances, most of them with little training and not much else. They moon about to good music and only succeed in spoiling it for us ever afterwards. But this was no fault of Isadora Duncan. Her one aim, desire, passion, was beauty. In her best years she achieved it.

Mme. Jeanne Pirenne

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"KARL AND ANNA" *from page 1*

tance, gave a nice feeling of reality and desolation. The deep reddish blue sky of early evening was a surprise at first, but later in the act when the three soldiers are silouetted against it in a faint green light that seemed to come from nowhere, the picture thus produced was almost a shock in its suddenness and effectiveness. Edward Williams, as the Prison Supervisor, is to be highly commended for his handling of the climax of this act. Sometimes a very simple element introduced in contrast produces a moment of great beauty, and when Samuel Ethridge as "Karl," stands behind the barbed-wire fence looking out and conjuring in his imagination the picture of "Anna" whom he has never seen, was to our mind such a moment.

A hand greeted the setting for Act Two, and certainly it was very complete in its detail of a homely living quarter. Or was the reception for Gloria Stuart and Georgia Chalmers sitting on the couch. Subsequent proceedings proved that it might well have been. These two young ladies presented the most carefully designed and excuted performances of the evening. Gloria Stuart with the continuity of her mood as "Anna" and Miss Chalmers with her easy excution of the techniquely difficult and volatile "Marie" both excelled.

It is not easy to forget the personalities of players one knows when watching them from an audience, but in all but one of the duet scenes between Gloria Stuart and Samuel Ethridge, we completely forgot that we had ever seen them before. Their scenes became drama and they were "Karl" and "Anna."

The last act as it is written belongs to "Richard." Edward Kuster in this part of the returning husband, whose slow plodding mind has been revolving about the remembered facts of his home life all the years he has been away, and that continues to revolve about these simple homely facts even after he has returned to the scene of their actuality—not waiting for answers to his many questions, not recognizing any change, unable to comprehend or quite believe what he is finally told—clearly suggested all this in his performance. His final bit of pantomime as he gives the chocoiate to "Marie" was an extremely moving piece of work.

The tiny parts in the play each lent their separate bits of color. They were well done with a special hand to Florence Dofsen, Howard Brooks and Gordon Smith.

We went to the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough armed with a sense of critical duty and we come away with only a very sincere appreciation of an honest and effective performance of a very interesting play that ran on the opening night as smoothly and securely as though it were part of a permanent repertoire. Our general feeling was in a sense the highest praise we could offer, that on last night at Carmel-by-the-Sea, "Karl and Anna" *came to life.*

FOR SALE

First announcement that the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough and its auxuliary Greenroom (Arts and Crafts Hall) would be offered for sale following the current season of plays appeared on the program of "Karl and Anna."

HARPIST COMING

Ruth Lorraine-Close, harpist, to be heard at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough Thursday night, showed evidence of an unusual talent for her chosen instrument at an early age. Her musical training in New York was followed by years of study abroad with leading European teachers. Her brilliant style won high praise from leaders in the continental music world.

For the past four seasons Miss Close has been the solo harpist of the Portland Symphony Orchestra. During that time she has played under such leaders as Willen Van Hoogstraten, Edgar Stillman Kelly, Walter Henry Rothwell, Theodore Spiering and Jacques Gershkowitch. Of her appearance under Van Hoogstraten the Morning Oregonian said, "The combination of harp and string orchestra has no peer for suaveness. The ethereal lustre of these dances, the poignant harmonics, the sheer lyricism were ideally brought forth by Miss Close. It could not be gainsaid that she fulfilled every demand imposed by an exacting piece of composition."

ANNIVERSARY

Monterey will celebrate tomorrow the first official raising of the Stars and Stripes in California.

The American flag was raised on the old Monterey Custom House on July, 7, 1884, when Commodore John Drake Sloat captured Monterey and thereby overthrew the Mexican government in California.

DOUBLE RESULTS FROM SMALL ADVERTISEMENT

Last week a Carmel bird fancier lost her canary, advertised in The Daily Carmelite. Not only did she recover her bird, but a second canary, astray in Carmel Woods, was brought to her in response to the advertisement. The second songster is advertised in this issue.